

VOL. XLIV. No. 1140

JAN 4-1899

PUCK BUILDING, New York, January 11th, 1899

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JAN 4 1899

Periodical Dept.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



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HE IS LEARNING BETTER.

REPUBLICAN PARTY.—Now, my child, I'll tell you all about the Free Trade Bugaboo.

YOUNG REPUBLICAN.—Say, Grandma, I'm beginning to think that story's a fake!



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ADAM AND THE CODGER.

"SAW A newspaper item, a spell ago," remarked the Old Codger, sourly, "which was well calculated to discourage anybody who aspired to count a trillion. It said, in substance, though I have forgotten the exact words, that if Adam had begun countin' as soon as he was created—allowin' that to have been six thousand years ago—and had counted steadily through the succeedin' centuries, without pausin' to eat or sleep or look at the country or observe the weather, never stoppin' to die or keep a diary or pat poor little Abel on the head or to bestow upon Cain an every-now-and-then and always-richly-deserved frailin', or to, later down the line, wonder at the dod-durned, dank and dismal foolishness of the Populists, but had gone right on countin' at the rate of 'one, two, three,' every second, he would have counted by this time only 567,648,000,000, which is but little more than half a trillion.

Of course I know that Adam never tried it—he was n't such a fool, in the first place; he did n't have the necessary time in the next place, and he probably would not have known what to do with his trillion, anyhow, after he had got it all nicely counted; but what I was goin' to remark is, that if he had made the attempt, and then, at the present time, findin' that after all these years he was but little more than half-way through his task, he was ready to flop down in supine discouragement, he would n't have been a bit more discouraged than I am this minute over my niece, who went to the Academy modestly wearin' the name of Amanda, and emerged therefrom last week with an I-don't-know-what-you'd-call-it, in the place of her name, which she signs 'A'Mandee.'"

KIND WORDS may never be lost, but it does seem as if they were very frequently misplaced.

THE BACHELOR.

THE BACHELOR! The Bachelor!
The man who lives in joy!
Whose cares are few, whose friends are true,
Whose peace holds no alloy;
Who lights his pipe and fills his bowl,
Cries "Fie!" to care and strife—O!
Who takes a sip from ev'ry lip
And leads a merry life—O!

God bless the jolly Bachelor,
Who's ever blithe and gay;
Who, when he won't, my lad, he don't,
And when he would, he may!

The Bachelor! The Bachelor!
The wight who lives alone,
With friends to share his pleasures fair,
But none to hear his moan;
With elbows out, and heels run in,
For lackin' of a wite—O!
With lips to kiss, but no lips his;
He leads a sorry life—O!

God help the povern Bachelor
When heart and hair grow gray,
With little joy for aught, my boy,
Save havin' of his way!

Richard Stillman Powell.



PUZZLE PICTURE.

Find the boy who has thrown the snowball.

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TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

PAPA. — I think nineteen is altogether too early for a girl to marry. Don't you?

MAMA. — Well, yes; but I remember the time when I did n't—and I remember the time when *you* did n't!

OF A FANCY (!) SKATER.

WHAT a figure he cut! ('T was an "8," so he said!)
Though the glittering pond was a generous bed,
He found it well-filled and he could not evade
The facts that his trousers had suffered a shade
And his coat was in need of a needle and thread.

To "do" a spread-eagle he shortly essayed,
Encouraged thereto by the smile of a maid;
But, alas! and alack! 't was himself that
he spread—
What a figure he cut!

We te-heed and we 'rahed, and he
called us ill-bred;
Yet, anon, his ambition not utterly
dead,
Set out with more skill than he yet
had displayed
To do the back-roll upon one
shining blade,
And (my kodak at home!) promptly
stood on his head—
What a figure he cut!

Edward W. Barnard.

PLEASANTRIES.

FIRST SNAKE. — Won't you
drop in at our cave this evening?
There is to be a snake-charmer present.

SECOND SNAKE. — I shall be charmed,
I assure you.

CLOTHES ARE more likely to make the
woman when a man makes the clothes.

WE SELDOM realize it, but very fre-
quently the reason we have no use
for people is because they will not allow
themselves to be used.



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POSTPONING THE OPERATION.

ARKANSAW NATIVE. — How much for takin' the pictures of my
children?

PHOTOGRAPHER. — Three dollars a dozen.

NATIVE. — Wa'al, I reckon I'll have to wait a spell; I hain't got
but 'leven children, at present!

REAL MEAN.

The telephone-bell rang, and the sporting-man,
being nearest the instrument, answered the call.

"Hello!"

"———?"

"Yes; this is the *Democrat-Chronicle* office."

"———?"

"Ha! Ha! You're the thousand-
and-first man who has asked
that question;—but I'm afraid
you lose your bet. Here 's the
answer; are you listening?"

"———"

"Well, the twentieth cen-
tury begins when your cyclo-
meter shows nineteen-hundred
miles."

"———!!** *!!!"

And as the scared scribe
jumped away from the instru-
ment, he exclaimed: "Gee!
I'm glad he does n't know
my name!"

QUITE TRUE.

FIRST TRAMP. — I told de
lady dat I seen better days—

SECOND TRAMP. — An' so
you did. Dere was one day
last week you had four beers.

NOT BAD.

ROUNDER. — I asked Sourby to
say a good word for me, and—

TOWNDER. — What did he say?

ROUNDER. — O Lord!

AND, AGAIN, it is a stand-off
between time and money
when it comes to a matter of
healing wounds.

NOT LIKE OTHER WOMEN.

"I tell you, Fosdick, my wife is a wonderful woman!" exclaimed Keedick. "She had been looking for a chafing-dish for some time, and at last she found one that she thought suited her. It was for sale at a store about two blocks from where we live, and the price was six dollars. She did n't buy it, however, until she had taken her sister to look at it. Her sister's verdict was favorable as to quality, but she knew a place downtown where one just like it could be had for five dollars and seventy-five cents, and she strongly urged my wife to go down and buy it there."

"I can tell the rest of your story for you, Keedick," said Fosdick, interrupting him.

"Go ahead!"

"Well, your wife got the address from her sister and she went downtown and could n't find the place until she had wasted a whole afternoon and spent about seventy-five cents in car-fare and lunch, all to save the quarter of a dollar in the price; and then came home tired out and disgusted with her-

self and too late to pay attention to getting dinner; and the consequence was that when you got home the house was n't in order, and the dinner was late

and was n't fit to eat when it was finally ready.

Oh! I know all about it! You can't tell me. Women are all alike."

"But you have n't got the story quite right, Fosdick."

"Oh! one or two of the details may be wrong, but it is correct in the main. Perhaps she hired a cab and spent one dollar and a half, instead of seventy-five cents, to save a quarter."

"No, she did n't, Fosdick! You'll never guess in a lifetime, so I'll tell you what she did; and it is that which marks her as a wonderful woman. Notwithstanding the advice of her sister, she bought the chafing-dish then and there, and paid six dollars for it."

William Henry Siviter.

REASON ENOUGH.

"Why did they operate on him for appendicitis?"

"They wanted to find out what was the matter with him."



AS SHE IS SPOKE.

"Say! Oh, say! wilt thou be mine?" he implored. Gwendolyn looked shyly down. "Will I be yours?" she replied. "Say!" And yet not seldom do we hear it maintained that English is not a flexible language.



A MARTYR TO PRINCIPLE.

CUSTOMER.—Ah! come off! I won't give more dan a dollar! I'd go to de ball widout any dress suit, first!

DEALER.—Vell, radder dan see you disgrace yourselluf by breakin' der laws of etiquette dot vay, I'll let you haf it!

HIS SENTIMENTS.

"Golly! If I cud git cigars ter smoke instid o' butts I would n't keer if I did die ob a tobacker heart!"

MARKED.

REEDER.—What a lot of rot in the Sunday papers!

MRS. REEDER.—No more than every day.

REEDER.—You forget the difference in size.

MOST FAMILY-TREES would thrive much better if they could undergo a vigorous pruning.



AN ART REFORM.



MISS BRASSE (an art amateur).—This will be the best poster I ever did when I get it finished. That winding stream looks beautiful already and when I get the mountains painted in the picture will be a wonder. I know it will surprise Papa!



"Well, I guess I have done all on it I can to-day. Oh, pshaw! Here is that mask I promised to send over to Clara!"



"I'll just set it here, on my easel, so I will see it the first thing in the morning."



IV.

BESSIE'S PAPA (*returning from club 2 a. m.*).—Guessh turn light on in Bess's studio 'n' sleep 'ere. Safer 'n go 'n bed.



V.



VI

BESSIE'S MAMA.—Yes, doctor, he came in at two o'clock this morning and must have received some sort of nervous shock.

BESSIE'S PAPA (*whispering in doctor's ear*).—Doc., give me something for seeing blue snakes with devils' heads on them and I'll sign the pledge just as soon as my hand gets steady!

STILL WORSE.

IT IS terribly annoying," dolefully said the stoop-shouldered man with the camel-colored neck-whiskers, "to have to endure, through a two-hours' sermon on the torments of the — er — h'm! — danged, a saw-edged collar that won't stay buttoned behind. It is painful in the extreme to be compelled to smile and smile and be a villain still, as the poet got off, when you are wearing a pair of tight shoes; it is dam — that is, goshdarn-able — to have to wear a shirt with the back and — er — er — narrative carefully starched by a purblind washlady; it is agonizing to be toothpickless at a funeral with a blackberry seed between your front teeth; but it is a heap-sight and immeasurably more painful to have a son come home from college with his hair like a platter of cold-slaw and a habit of correcting his dad's grammar and scorning his opinions, and at the same time be so husky and wide across the shoulders that you can't climb on him and whale the disrespect and conscious superiority out of him!"

A DEFINITION.

LITTLE ELMER. — Papa, what is chess?

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.—Merely a scientific method of fooling away time.

A TERRIBLE THOUGHT.

"The first writing was done on stone," remarked the dry-goods-clerk boarder, who had been reading, lately.

"Great Heavens! Think of the postage!" involuntarily exclaimed the rising poet, with a shudder that rattled the dishes and caused the larger atoms of hash to come to the top.

TESTIMONIAL.

"I can not," wrote the prima-donna, "praise your soap too highly. A year ago I was making only fifteen dollars a week, and buying my own costumes. I was in despair, when friends spoke to me of your soap. I used some of it, and this year I expect to make ten thousand dollars. Remit in check or draft, at your convenience."

A MODEL.

MRS. DIMPLETON. — Her husband is so thoughtful and generous to her!

MRS. VON BLUMER.—What makes you think so?



CHOLLY'S HANDICAP.

CHOLLY.—I hear you write for a livin'?

SCRIVENER.—Yes.

CHOLLY.—Say! don't you find it an awful bore to be lookin' up spellin' in the dictionary all the time?

THEIR MISTAKE.

CASTLETON.—The
Gillson's wanted to
know why you have n't been around. They
say they have invited you.

STUFFER.—What did you say?

CASTLETON.—I told them they had n't invited you to dinner.

A LESS IMPORTANT RÔLE.

BROWN.—Hooker is a character, is n't he?

VAN RIPER. — No; nothing but an understudy.

HAD SEVERAL.

TIRED TERAH.—Wot did yer have fer dinner, ter-day?

HUNGRY HOOLEY (*loftily*).—Which one?

NOTHING IS more regular than extra expenses.

WHEN SOME people draw a conclusion it looks like the picture on a Japanese fan.

THE MILLENNIUM may be all right for the lamb, but what is the lion going to do for something to eat?



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PRETTY GOOD PROOF.

MRS. KELLY.—Is your hoosband sariously sick, Mrs. Rooney?

MRS. RODNEY.—Is he seriously sick? Whoi, they aven *acknowledged* that he was sick at the free dispensary!



THE ERRATIC RAT.

THERE WAS a ridiculous Rat,
Who was awfully puffy and fat;
"I'll carry," he said,
"This plate on my head,
"T will answer in place of a hat."

And then he remarked with a frown,
"I suppose that I must have a gown;
I'll make me a kilt,
Of this old crazy-quilt,
To wear when I'm going to town.

"And, of course, though the weather is warm,
It may be there'll come up a storm;
An umbrella I'll make
Of this caraway cake,
It'll match with my whole uniform.

"And I'll carry a bottle of ink,
In case I should wish for a drink;
And this flat-iron so sweet
I'll take with me to eat, —
And now I am ready, I think."

Carolyn Wells.

VERY REMARKABLE.

BUNTING. — Is n't it remarkable that
minister's sons turn out to be reprobates?
LARKIN. — And is n't it remarkable, too,
that sons of men in all other professions all
turn out to be perfect gentlemen and estim-
able citizens?

NOBODY GETS as much enjoyment out of
robust health as some people do out of
their minor ills.

IT IS pretty hard not to have a kindly feeling for anybody
that asks our advice.

REASON MIGHT just as well give up its attempt to put salt on the
tail of Folly.

A HARD ROW TO HOE.

DOLLY. — You say your fiancé is a self-made man? Then he must come of
an — er — obscure family, I suppose?

DAISY. — Oh, no! He comes of a very old, a very aristocratic, and a very
wealthy family, but he has succeeded in spite of everything.

AN INFANT PHILOSOPHER.

FRIEND. — He is a bright child, is n't he?
PAPA. — Bright? Why, he has learned al-
ready that perseverance overcomes ob-
stacles, and he makes himself a nuisance
until he gets what he wants!

SHE HOPED HE WOULD.

CHOLLY CHUMPLEIGH. — When I am
in Rome, I intend to do as the Romans
do.

MISS COLDEAL. — Most of them, I be-
lieve, live in Rome altogether.

DEFINED.

"Benny, what is enthusiasm?"

"Oh! it's just a kind of a runaway of a feller's
feel-gooder."

THE OUTWARD RUSH.

HOON. — You did not stay long at the elocutionary
entertainment last night?

BROADHEAD. — No; I left early to avoid the rush.

FABLE OF THE TRAMP.

Once upon a time a Tramp called at a house.

"Have n't I fed you before?" asked the Woman of the house.

"Yes," replied the Tramp. "I desire a vindication."

Being much impressed by his logic, the Woman opened a can of
preserves for the Tramp.

This fable teaches that women are quite competent to vote.



A PLEASANT INQUIRY.

ANGELINE SNOWDROP. — Mr. Jackson, allow me to introduce you to
Doctah Jimweed.

MR. JACKSON (*immensely jealous*). — Umph! Happy to meet yo',
Doctah! Horse, or hoodoo?

PUCK.



PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, January 11, 1899.—No. 1140.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE CRUMBLING CREED.

HOW IT ALL came about would take too long to tell, but the Republican party finds itself forced to make up a new nursery-tale for the entertainment of its youngsters. We find an acknowledgment of this state of affairs in *The Manufacturer*, a Philadelphia protectionist organ whose orthodoxy has hitherto been unsullied. It breaks into the subject rather gingerly, though. "That a man can be a Protectionist without being a fool," it begins, "is a fact that is gaining wider acceptance in the world of science and letters;" and it next remarks that "there was a time when it seemed hard to persuade men that there was any difference between Protection and idiocy." It would look from that as if Protection had been vindicated, would n't it? — as if the sinful Free Traders had at last been converted? There is no hint in it that Protectionists have lost faith in their creed, or developed any leanings toward Free Trade. But let us see further how the point is carried. Here are the causes, as set forth by *The Manufacturer*, why the opinion "that a man may be a Protectionist without being a fool" is gaining such gratifying currency "in the world of science and letters:"

1st. "Certainly Protectionists, barring a few cases, are not making such extreme claims in this country as we used to hear."

2nd. "The truth is that the old Protectionist with the stock arguments about the influence of the tariff upon wages and all the rest of it, is beginning to die out. He told us all he had to say about the pauper labor of Europe, by which he often meant the best educated and most skillful artisans of the world."

3rd. "Seriously, who believes any of this stuff nowadays? It is a sign that this part of the world is growing better when ridiculous things of that sort are not said even in the heat of election."

ACCORDING TO CUSTOM.

The century which now we end
Must be a bargain fine;
For, ladies, is it not reduced
To 1899?

A UNIVERSAL WISH.

I wish all the money I've foolishly spent
Would return and my pocket-book store; —
What joy and delight I should know as I went
To foolishly spend it once more!

EASILY ARRANGED.

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TOURIST.—I would like my wife to go, but I am afraid she is too heavy for you to carry.

CHAIRMAN.—Pay double the price, sir, and we will arrange it.



"You see, we just tie ourselves and our chairs together and everything is all right! Come on, sir!"

4th. The Protectionist "is not sure that a protective tariff in and of itself will increase the wages of the workingmen.... He is certain that a cheap coat does not necessarily make a cheap man, but the cheaper the coat the better it will be for the wearer."

It is evident that this kind of "Protectionist" will not be regarded as an idiot; but is it because Free Traders have recanted or because Protectionists have recanted? Better make a clean breast of it, Mr. Manufacturer. It would be lots more graceful.

KEELY'S SECRET.

IT WAS announced at the annual meeting of the Keely motor stockholders the other day that the inventor's secret "died with him." Although PUCK was not in the confidence of the late Mr. Keely he will make bold to contradict this. He hereby assures every stockholder of the Keely motor company that Mr. Keely's secret did not die with him, and that his stock ought to be worth just as much now as it was before the wizard's demise. Whatever occult knowledge Mr. Keely may have had, the one secret he is positively known to have possessed, the secret by which he made money, not only did not die with him but is well known to a wide circle of lay scientists. Some of them are getting big returns from it every day; others, through a misapplication of it, are confined in certain state institutions for the discouragement of individualism. It is a secret that is utilized impartially by the purveyor of gold bricks, so-called, and by the "heavy Wall Street capitalist" with a roll-top desk, an imposing safe, and a balance of \$13.80 at some reliable bank. The scientist who lately abstracted great quantities of gold from seawater along the New England coast presented a shining example of its felicitous application. The secret is this: it is easy to persuade the average human being that he can get something for nothing. It was too widely disseminated to die with Mr. Keely. It is practically immortal.

THE PERILS OF HEROISM.

ONE OF the heroes of the late war has made it plain that achieved heroism may be more dangerous to the hero than the performance by which he achieved it. We refer to the case of Lieutenant Hobson. He bravely ran the risk of losing his life when he sank the *Merrimac*, but he has recklessly run the risk of losing his head ever since, a fate held by some authorities to be worse than death. An interview with him reported from the West leaves it uncertain if he has not already suffered this deprivation. Be it understood that we are not captious, but entirely in sympathy with the young man. He was, by his magnificent deed, placed in a hard position, and a much older man than he might have succumbed to the strain. We sincerely hope that an extended absence from a country that has such a tendency to slop over will give him time to think about it all and to get his steering-gear in order again. It would be a pity if he were to let silly newspapers and still sillier young women transform him from a hero into a ridiculous nuisance; and he has been uncomfortably close to it. The moral seems to be that it is hazardous to be a hero early in life, unless one is level-headed.



... "Can we leave these people and our own acts, are helpless and with we have destroyed the only government? their government it is the duty of the American people to give them a better one. Shall we distrust ourselves in our inability to give kindly government to oppressed people? Our victories of war is confided to us? We may question our duty now?" — MCKINLEY AT THE



Can we leave these people who, by the fortunes of war, are helpless and without government, to chaos after the only government they have had? After destroying is the duty of the American Government to provide for all we distrust ourselves? Shall we proclaim to the world daily government to oppressed peoples whose future by the d to us? We may wish it were otherwise, but who will
-MCKINLEY AT THE SAVANNAH BANQUET.

ALL HAUL IT DOWN?"

THE BOWHEMEYUN.

A BOWHEMEYUN is not a Bohemian. He reminds you of one, — he is so "would be" and so "is not." You find him at well-known, cheap French Table d'Hotes; well known, because he never heard of any others; cheap, in deference to his slender weekly stipend. He is Bowhemeyun largely with the mouth; — used in eating at the above-mentioned Table d'Hotes on Saturday nights, and in talking about them the rest of the week. In his clothes he affects the small-church usher, and in his coiffure the "college boy" of comic supplements, or the Third Avenue barber's infrequent patron in real life. In his table manners you will often see him exhibit that pleasing impartiality between knife and fork, so popular in Park Row beaneries.

His daily employment is not infrequently in that avocation chosen by aspiring souls who consent to occupy high swivel stools for stated periods, and who vary the process of artistically-shaded penmanship with the conveyance of missives to other centres of the business world. His walk in life may lead him up and down in front of bargain-counters, beneath the gaze of saleslady admiration and the whirl of the swift-rolling cash ball.

Whatever his earthly calling of the prosaic week, he sets it firmly aside by six o'clock, Saturday afternoon, and becomes the Man-of-Pleasure. Then it is that you will see him enter the cheap Table d'Hote, accompanied only by his halo of sleekness and a solemnity of demeanor that would seem to foreshadow the performance of some awful rite. He eyes the other patrons of his Bowhemeya with the placid interest of an old habitu  and permits the untidy waiter to take his hat and coat with easy disdain.

"Why would n't he?" he thinks; "his dime is coming to him."

He shows a freedom with the menu that he fondly supposes will stamp him as a connoisseur and at the same time the true American with a patriotic disregard for the linguistic observances of the Gaul.

"Your 'consumey' was rank last week," he informs the waiter; "fetch me some of the other stuff."

At the fish stage of operations he facetiously asks, "What kind of 'poison' have you got to-night?" When he has finished his laugh at the joke and his inning at the fish, you may hear him announce: "I don't like your old red-ink; you might bring me a small bottle of the white table-wine."

The sipping of this aristocratic beverage occupies him conspicuously through the successive stages of "Entry," "Roty" and "Fromige." His manner of sipping is remarkable. Casting a conscious eye over the assemblage at their clatter, he slowly raises his glass, holding the little finger in that pigtail fashion in vogue among ladies with rings to exhibit. At the end of each sip there comes a smack worthy of thirty-year Johannisberger and a slight smile of educated satisfaction. Then you hear a prolonged "Aaaaah!" and your Bowhemeyun tilts up his genteel chin in an ecstatic glance at the ceiling.

"Just clear this away and bring me a cream de mint and a small box of sweets!" is the way he heralds the close of his banquet. Then you may watch him, for half an hour engaged in solemn post-prandialism, with amateurish inhaling of the paper



VERY IMPROBABLE.

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MRS. FINNERTY (*reading*).—The days and nights in Greenland be six months long.

MR. FINNERTY.—Faix, an' Oi don't belave ut! How could a baby yell for six mont's shteady av a night?



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HER SUGGESTION.

MRS. ELDER.—We were going to have a progressive euchre party, but the pastor dislikes card-playing of any kind!

MISS YOUNG.—Oh! I suppose he'd like us to play progressive checkers!

Perfecto. When the ten cents has "come to" the waiter, and the fifty cents to the proprietor, he strides out with a lofty "Bong Swor!" to the latter.

Here endeth the lesson to the observer and the weekly triumph of the Bowhemeyun.

Larkin G. Mead.

A SUGGESTION.

FIRST BURGLAR.—Did you see de "ad" uv dat big jewelry house? I wish I could break in dere some night.

SECOND BURGLAR.—Well, if you do, you might leave some word mentionin' de name uv de paper where you saw de "ad."

TRANSLATED.

"Between you and me," said the man who was being interviewed, "he was one of the worst cranks I ever saw."

"H'm!" said the reporter, writing rapidly; "Person of marked individuality." Yes?"

HOW IT HAPPENED.

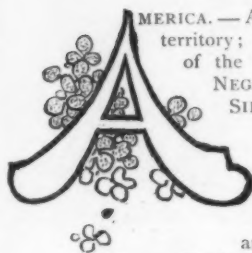
CIRASSIAN PRINCESS.—I wonder if the human leopard was born with such a polka-dotted skin?

WILD MAN OF BORNEO.—No. Oi'm told that he got into some sart av divilmint an' was shpotted by dhe detectives.

[T'S A DROP of ink that makes millions think; not a gallon.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

(A few extracts from a proposed Text-book of America, to be introduced into the schools of our colonial possessions, with a view to preparing the aborigines for the blessings of peace and liberty and the pursuit of happiness.)



AMERICA.—America is a large, constantly shifting territory; bounded on the north by SECTION 22 of the Dingley Tariff, on the south by the NEGRO PROBLEM, on the west by FREE SILVER, and on the east by the IRISH VOTE.

CLIMATE.—The climate is sudden and untranslatable. The country is devastated by floods of spellbindery, monstrous roorbacks, metallic wildcats and metropolitan tigers, every four years.

During this period the sun is frequently obscured by the passage of large flocks of white blackbirds.

TOPOGRAPHY.—The country is everywhere broken up by flat, uninteresting expanses that stretch from one election to another. The mountains range in altitude from the pension-bill down to the secretary of war.

POPULATION.—The Americans are chiefly Irish, with the exception of the Jews, Germans and Italians.

MORALS.—Morals, of one kind or another, are quite general.

SOCIETY.—Society is divided into three classes: boodle, noodle and Yankee-doodle.

AGRICULTURE.—Agriculture is carried on, chiefly, by a pale group of stentorian-voiced gentlemen in a large room in Chicago. These fashionably attired peasants cultivate the soil by purchasing great quantities of wheat, which they never see, with money which they never have.

SOIL.—The soil is exceedingly fertile, often yielding two mortgages per year.

EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.—Women are idolized in America, many of them having large fortunes or good situations.



SHE GROWS FRETFUL.

MRS. PORCUPINE (to her husband).—Upon my word! My dear, I never saw any one so hard on clothes as the children are!

MINERALS.—Mines are numerous and profitable, yielding, in most instances, large blocks of beautifully graven sheets of paper, which are taken to the larger cities and readily sold at fabulous prices to a woolly tribe of urban natives who practice a mystery of celebrating the first of April every day in the year.

CITIES.—New York is the largest city; celebrated for its import trade with Ireland in policemen, bartenders and French maids.

SNAKES, VIPERS, ETC.—Poisonous reptiles are common in every part of the land, the most dangerous being a species of wood-pulp adder (*fakus journalia*). These snakes are bred and trained in large stone buildings and turned loose to the number of "a million and a quarter per day," a fascinated populace paying one cent each for the privilege of being bitten. The bite of these adders brings on homicidal interlocation, jingo tremens and cut-throat righteousness, ending in socialism, higher-criticism and complete mental decay.

SPORTS, PASTIMES, ETC.—Hunting is the national passion, game being everywhere abundant; including, in addition to less familiar quarries, those immemorial staples: simple drunks, reformers, umpires and "niggers." The open season for "niggers" extends from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31.

POLITICAL PARTIES.—There are two great political parties, the TIME-ENOUGHS and the WAIT-A-WHILES. The political platform of both parties is the same:—GOD SAVE IRELAND, AND TRY ONE OF OUR PANICS.

John P. Drew.



A QUOTATION.

FIRST ACTOR.—Vaudeville? Bah! What would the immortal William have said about an actor who would go into vaudeville?
SECOND ACTOR.—Well, I don't know! Did a't the immortal William say, "Put money in thy purse?"

A STRONGER BID.

FIRST POPULIST.—So you did n't get elected. I thought you'd go in all right. You promised the farmers that you'd introduce a measure, if elected, that would raise the price of wheat one-third.

SECOND POPULIST.—I know that I did; but my opponent quoted statistics to prove that whenever his party was in power the yield of wheat per acre was one-half more than it was other years. I tell you, I'm losing faith in this policy of mixing politics and cereals.



A RARE CURIOSITY.

EXHIBITOR.—This, ladies and gents, this piece of straw is that celebrated Last Straw that broke the camel's back!

MRS. HARDACRE.—Well, well, Hiram, that's wonderful! I've heard tell of that straw all my life, but little did I ever expect to see it!

FASHION AND FINANCE.

WIFE.—It is the fashion now for ladies to wear crowns, instead of hats, at the opera.

HUSBAND.—Could human idiocy go further? Crowns! Crowns in free America! Cost a fortune, too, I suppose?

WIFE.—Very pretty little trinkets for opera wear can be got for fifty cents.

HUSBAND.—U'm!—one might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion. Get one, of course! — *New York Weekly.*

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—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

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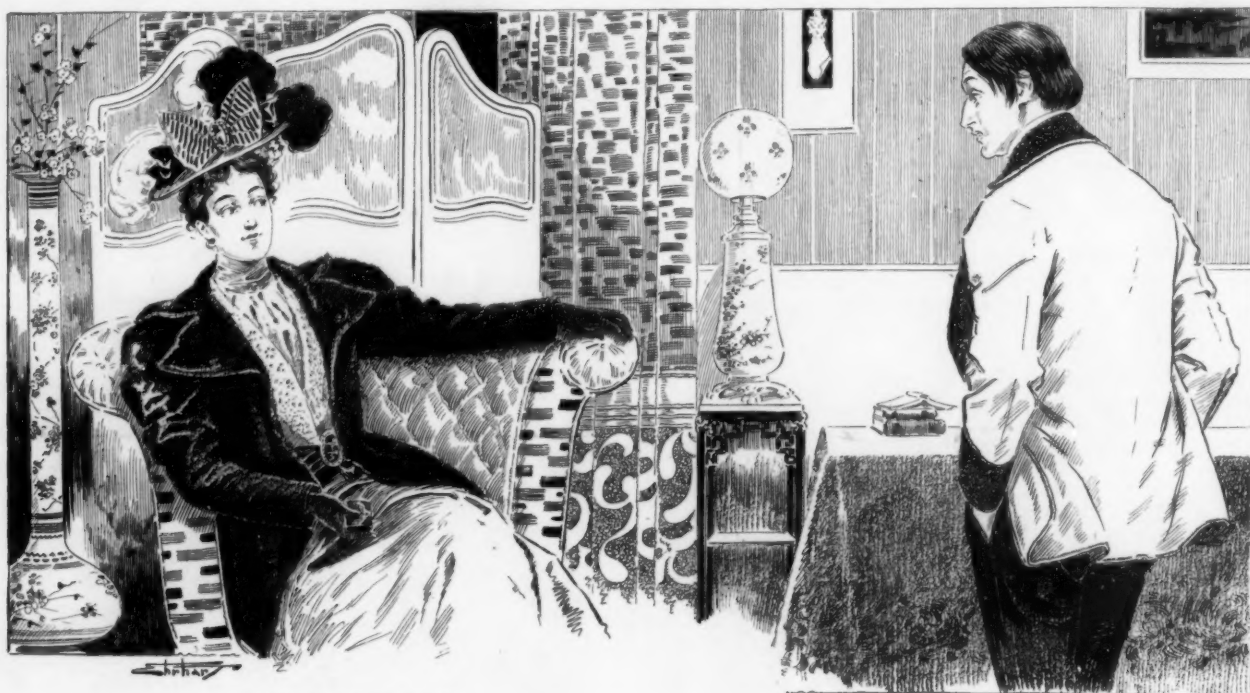
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HE TRANSLATES.

SHE.—I gave the dressmaker carte blanche.

HE.—Merciful heavens! Carte blanche?

SHE.—Yes. I suppose you can translate the expression?

HE.—Oh, yes! It's French for extortion!

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"WHAT do you think of that fire?" asked the young wife, pointing with pride to the kitchen range, with which she had been occupied for an hour.

"Well," yawned the husband, rubbing his half-opened eyes; "it's pretty good, but it's not as good as mother used to make." — *Yonkers Statesman.*

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HOW IT HAPPENED.

"What's the reason of your enmity to that politician?" asked the rather roman ic young woman. "Did he cross your path early in your career?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum. "He did n't cross my path. We were after the same office, and he ran over me from behind." — *Washington Star.*



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A FINANCIAL EAR.

He harked to the singer's performance, And murmured,—the cheerful young dunce,—

"There are notes in those 'Banks of the Wabash'

Which should go to protest at once."

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

DON'T abuse the men; abuse Nature. It was intended that men should be the jays that they are.—*Atchison Globe.*

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REFORMER.—But don't you think that public office should be a public trust?

STATESMAN.—Why, certainly! I don't believe in investigation committees, or anything like that!



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"Yes; but always stop where you can easily find them by simply taking off your shoes." — *New York Weekly.*

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"Dickie, what did your mama say when she saw us coming along the walk?"

"She said, 'Well, well, who on earth has your father picked up now?'" — *Detroit Free Press.*



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TEACHER (giving lesson in Natural History). — An extinct bird or animal is one that no longer inhabits the earth. Willy Green, give us an example of an extinct bird.

WILLY GREEN (smacking his lips). — Why, that turkey Dad killed for our New Year dinner!

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"This one is n't. Just think of his being willing to go on telling fortunes at a dollar apiece when he could give himself a tip on a horse-race or a lottery drawing and get everlastingly rich inside of twenty-four hours." — *Washington Star.*

JUST THE THING.

"There! I think this new patent of mine will sell."

"What is it?"

"A patent fender to protect the human heel from baby buggies." — *Detroit Free Press.*

WAZZEY. — Jinkins, I blame you for the rain we're having.

WORREY. — Why?

WAZZEY. — You said you felt your rheumatism coming on just before it started, and that is a sure sign of a storm. Now, why could n't you have obliged me by postponing your rheumatism till a later date? — *Roxbury Gazette.*

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SHE. — Oh! that's a new march.
HE. — Awfully fast time, is n't it?
SHE. — Yes; I think the composer was in a hurry to get through when he was writing it. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

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A CHEERING MOTTO.

PEDDLER.—Would n't you like some mottoes for your house, Mum? It's very cheering to a husband to see a nice motto on the wall when he comes home.

MRS. DE JAGG.—You might sell me one if you've got one that says, "Better Late than Never."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

TEACHER.—Willy, what is a mushroom?

WILLY HEATITT.—A mushroom is one of those things you think you eat, but you don't, and it kills you.—*Norristown Herald.*

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LESSONS OF EXPERIENCE.
MR. SPRIGGINS (*gently*).—My dear, a Washington man was shot by a bullet, and his life was saved by a button which the bullet struck.
MRS. SPRIGGINS.—Well, what of it?
MR. SPRIGGINS (*meekly*).—Nothing; only the button must have been on.—*New York Weekly.*

A BACHELOR VIEW OF IT.
MISS QUIPP.—The idea of anything of coral for an engagement memento!
MR. QUIRK.—Why, is n't it a cause of many wrecks?—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

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To the Editor of the New York Times:
I noticed in *The Times's Saturday Review* for Feb. 12 a letter from Mr. William M. Morse, in which that gentleman dwelt upon his need of a list of books containing short stories of sufficient merit to be compared with "Van Bibber and Others," by Richard Harding Davis.
I would seriously advise Mr. Morse to procure a copy of "Short Sixes," by the late Henry C. Bunner, who was infinitely a better writer and a keener observer of the workings of human nature than Richard Harding Davis. Having read "Short Sixes," Mr. Morse will undoubtedly desire to read something more of the same description from the pen of Bunner, which he may find in a little volume entitled "More Short Sixes." This latter book was published shortly after the enormous success of the former, and is virtually a continuation of it. Both these volumes contain many captivating tales, most of them written in a humorous vein, with little touches of pathos, such as Bunner alone knew how to apply.
WALLACE D. JENNINGS.
New York, Feb. 14, 1898.
—*N. Y. Times.*



EXEMPT.

MR. SOURKROUTER (*from the head of the stairs*).—Katrina! Has n't dot young man got to go to work in der morning?
MISS SOURKROUTER.—No, Papa; he's der night-vatchman in Schwarzenh imer-dinger's brewery!

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ANOTHER.—Yes; but, as far as husbands go, this is also a "Don't Worry" club!

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